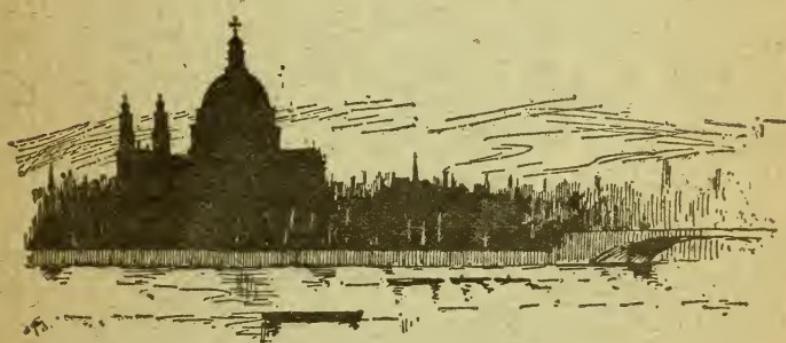


The Garden Helpers

BY

FRANK HUTT.



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Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio Denver, Colo.

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**"THE STARS AND STRIPES
IN FLANDERS"**



BY SEYMOUR S. TIBBALS

HERE is a ten minute dramatic reading with a climax that will cause a thrill. Suitable for a male or female reader and a number that will strengthen any program.

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THE ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO DENVER, COLO.

THE GARDEN HELPERS

A Patriotic Exercise.

By FRANK HUTT.

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PS635
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An exercise suitable for Public School Garden Classes, for Springtime and Arbor Day Events, and the like.

Scene—A Garden Background.

CHARACTERS

(Dressed in khaki, if desired)

TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS, each with a spade.

TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS, each with a hoe.

TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS, each with a rake.

TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS, each with a trowel.

ONE BOY AND ONE GIRL, each with a wheelbarrow.

A GIRL IN YELLOW, with yellow sunshade, sunflower decorations, representing the Sun.

A BOY, with rubber coat and sou'wester, representing the Rain.

YOUNG MAN, OR WOMAN—the Gardener.

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no

THE GARDEN HELPERS.

Gardener—(enters, recites the following, and then exits or may remain, to direct in person, the formations of participators.)

Little garden-makers, did you ever really know
All the friendly folk who help to make the garden
grow?

They are ever ready, doing many chores for you;
Let's go out and meet our servants, old and tried
and true.

(Enter Boy and Girl, who in their recitations personify the Spade. They stand side by side, each with spade held at right shoulder.)

Boy—

I'm just a Spade, but I've been told
My family is ages old.
I don't know much about the Hoe,
Nor how far back the Plow can go,
But I've as proud a line as they,
No matter what the people say.
Yet we're too active, all may see,
To pay much heed to ancestry.
I'm just a common gardener,
As all of my grandfathers were.
In gardens small and gardens big,
My duty is to dig and dig,
And take the greatest interest
In causing them to look their best.

*Girl—*It is true. Nobody knows just when or where the first of the Spade family lived. But we have proved good servants to man, for centuries. Wild men used shells and sharp stones to dig with; but a true Spade never began as a shell or a stone. We are old, very old, and our ancestor may have been a kind of wooden shovel. Our wisest Spades agree to that; and we have dug deep enough into our history to know that

we are one of the sure marks of man's progress. Our masters took a step upward when we came upon the scene. Our relations are Shovels and Garden Forks of many kinds; but the boy or girl gardener finds the Spade suitable for all needs.

(Enter another boy and girl, each also with a spade; and as these stand in line with the first two, all recite the following:)

When garden-making season's here,
 There is no merrier time of year;
 The Spades are out without a doubt,
 To help to put the frosts to rout.
 For garden-making's in the air,
 And gardeners are everywhere—
 A shovel here and a shovel there,
 Hurrah, for garden-making.
 Go where you may, uphill and down,
 By meadow path or through the town,
 Spades have a way that's widely known,
 Of garden making, all their own;
 And gardens big, and gardens small
 Spring up by every hedge and wall;
 There surely is enough for all—
 Hurrah, for garden making.

(These four then take several steps to the rear, where they remain.)

(Enter Boy and Girl, who in their recitations personify the Hoe. They stand side by side, each with Hoe at right shoulder.)

Boy—

I've always had to hoe my way,
 And I can hoe my row today;
 And as the seasons come and go,
 I work, and laugh, and say "Hoe, hoe."
 I am the friend of plant and tree,
 Who, every year, remember me.
 I go where Plows can't go, at all,
 And close along by hedge and wall,
 Among the grape and berry bowers,

And through the rows of plants and flowers,
I bid the sun-baked soil give way,
And air the root-beds every day.

Girl—A long stick with a hooked end—a crotched stick—that was the first wild Hoe, my ancestor, who is said to have been very much like the first Plow, except that he was smaller in size. The first Hoe was sharp enough for his days, perhaps, but we suppose those to have been very dull days. It seems impossible that he could have done good work, at all, only where the soil was very soft and pliable. But when the garden-makers discovered how useful the Hoe became when made with a steel blade, they ever since have been free in their praise of the way we do our work. We have many relatives, but the Garden Hoe with the wide blade is the best known. The famous painting, "The Man With the Hoe," is to remind people how much the world depends upon the Gardener and the Hoe.

(Enter another boy and girl, each, also with a hoe; and as these stand in line with the other two, all recite the following:)

From the city and the town,
Smiling hearts and faces
March with us all up and down,
Fields and garden places.
Help us as we turn the soil,
Every kind newcomer;
Beautify with loving toil
All the paths of summer.
While the eager farmer goes
Over hill and valley,
There the cheery-hearted Hoes
Every season rally.
Hear their steady, strong refrain,
Through the gardens ringing—
Birds and bees in orchard lane
Join them in their singing.

(These four then march back, to stand in single line with the Spades, all still facing front. All then recite the following, with motions as directed)

The Garden Helpers

O, this is the way we Spade the land,
(place spade on ground, as though spading)
 And this is the way we Hoe it,
(place hoe on ground as though at work)
 Until it is time for Busy Hand
 To hasten along and sow it.
 O, then you shall see how the gardens yield,
 To cheer every friend and neighbor;
 The music we make over hill and field,
 Is part of the song of labor.

(Here they shoulder hoes and spades and march about.)

Then shoulder the Spade, as the farmers do,
 And shoulder the Hoe each morning;
 And as we go marching the pastures through,
 We give all our gardens warning.
 For there can be never an idle day,
 Wherever we delve and burrow,
 As, spading and hoeing, we sing our way
 Along through the sunny furrow.

(The eight, standing in one line, as before, sing, to the air of the simple refrain, "Merrily, We Roll Along," the following:)

Let us help the gardens grow,
 Gardens grow, gardens grow,
 Let us help the gardens grow,
 All the season through.

(Now, at the front of the platform, enter Boy and Girl, who in their recitations personify the Rake. They stand side by side, each with rake at right shoulder.)

Boy—

Though I'm a Rake, I never shirk
 My part in all the garden work.
 I'm not so old as Hoe or Spade,
 But yet a record I have made;
 I try to make their task complete,

By keeping lawns and gardens neat.
I'm a good friend to garden seeds,
But enemy to all the weeds;
And seedlings surely ought to grow,
When I've been up and down a row.

Girl—When a garden is all planted and growing well, I like to keep at work, all summer, at any rate, up and down the paths and between the plants. I clean up the garden, and at the same time help to loosen the soil about the vegetables and flowers, and so aid them in their growth. It is surprising how well a garden looks after I am through with it, as I attend to getting all the dried leaves and stalks out of the way, and on the fertilizer heap. When the rains or dews come, and find that I have been busy, they know their own work will have better results.

(Enter another Boy and Girl, each also with a rake; and as these stand in line with the other two, all recite the following:)

Raking the lawns and borders,
Raking the orchards, too,
We are the garden's warders,
Toiling the summer through.
Over the paths of duty,
Passing from morn to night,
Proving the season's beauty,
On, through the weeds and blight.
Raking the nooks and byways,
Clearing them, one by one,
Raking the leaf-strewn highways,
After the summer's done;
Gleaning through plain and valley,
Sharing the sun and shade,
Come, where the Rakers rally,
Join in our glad parade.

(These four step back, in front of the four Spades. Now enter Boy and Girl, who in their recitations personify the Trowel. They stand side

by side, with a trowel held up in right hand, as they speak.)

Boy—

A handy little gardener am I—

I know the garden couldn't do without me.

I'm quick and spry, and that's the reason why

My masters always think a lot about me.

You see, I'm needed almost everywhere,

From one end of the Garden to the other;

I'm always running errands here and there,

For I'm the plant-folk's little friend and
brother.

I make a deep, rich place for tender root,

And help to set the seedlings all in order;

I find them nooks, or open space, to suit,

And turn the soil in every bed and border.

Go up and down the garden paths with me,

Where many a season I have delved and
weeded,

And as you look about you there, you'll see

A score of places where a Trowel's needed.

Girl—We do not boast of a very old family tree, just because we really do not know very much about it. But the old gardeners of Egypt, and of the Holy Land, and of Rome, must have had something very much like a Trowel in their garden work. They knew a great deal about gardening, and it would be strange if some little servant like the Trowel were not employed in preparing the soil and helping to beautify grand old estates. We have many uses, but chiefly to transplant small plants, and to make a place big enough to spread the roots of the plants well.

(Enter another Boy and Girl, each also with a Trowel, and as these stand in line with the other two, all recite the following:)

The plant-folk need us everywhere,

All through the garden spaces;

We give the fruits and flowers our care,

And find them pleasant places.

We fashion beds for bush and vine,
And row by row, and line by line,
We help to make all gardens shine,
With smiles upon their faces.

(Now the four march back and forth.)

We count our steps, with one, two, three,
Along the even furrow;
While here and there we bend the knee,

(All bend one knee)

We delve, and dig, and burrow.
Then press the tiny rootlets down,
With leaves and soil, so rich and brown,
And hope that every good may crown
Our work and care so thorough.

(These four then step back, in front of the
four Hoes, and in line with the four Rakes. Then
all recite the following:)

Both early and late, we shall find a way
To busy ourselves every season through;
In making the gardens grow, day by day,
There's ever some task for us all to do.
The Rakes take a very long stride, 'tis true,
While Trowels run onward so merrily,
And whether the garden be old or new,
The long and the short of it all, are we.

The Rakes travel fast, and they travel far,
But Trowels keep up in the race, as well,
While all of us haste where the toilers are,
Our message of labor and hope to tell.
With songs of the season we bear the yoke
Of delving and clearing, where gardens grow.
Come, join the parade of all busy folk—
The long and the short of it, on we go.

(All, led by the Gardener, sing, to the air of
the refrain, "Merrily We Roll Along," the follow-
ing:)

Let us help the gardens grow,
Gardens grow, gardens grow,
Let us help the gardens grow,
All the season through.

(Now, at the front of the platform enter Boy and Girl, each with a wheelbarrow, who in their recitations personify the Wheelbarrow and its uses. They stand side by side, at the center front of the sixteen others.)

Boy—

As down the garden path I glide,
They call me Friend Wheelbarrow;
In all that's done on every side
I have a lively share, O.
I travel back and forth, each day,
A servant proved and willing,
And bear great burdens on the way,
My duties all fulfilling.
A Barrow is a busy B,
His hours with work beguiling.
And so, wherever you find me,
You'll find a garden smiling.

Girl— Well, my people have always carried heavy burdens, and I suppose we shall always do so. That's what Barrow means—to bear a load. My ancestor was just a box, with handles at each end, and was carried about by two gardeners. You will find Barrows like that today. But the Wheelbarrows are rather proud of the wheel, which makes the gardener's task easier, and helps him get over the ground quicker. And then, the two sideboards, you know, help us about carrying a fine big load. Time and again, I have heard people say: "If it were not for my wheelbarrow, I do not see how I could have a garden."

(All may recite the following, as the wheelbarrow Boy and Girl march back and forth, with their wheelbarrows, before the others.)

All the way from Barrow Town,
We go trundling up and down,
Back again, and to and fro,
Wheresoever gardens grow.
In and out of winding roads,
See us bear our goodly loads,
Through the wakened fields of Spring,
To the time of Harvesting.

Barrow Town has heard the call,
Summoning the workers all,
So we join the long parade,
With the Rake, and Hoe, and Spade,
Wheresoever Labor leads,
Onward, to the garden's needs,
Every season's work to crown,
All the way from Barrow Town.

(*The Wheelbarrows then take their places directly in front of the two platoons of eight each. Then enters Girl in Yellow, representing the Sun, who stands at the side of Girl with Wheelbarrow.*)

Girl Representing the Sun—

The Sunshine is a Gardener.
Long, long before the cities were,
And long before man came to sow,
I helped to make wild gardens grow.
I know the gardens, large and small,
My sunbeams work among them all;
Their colors wonderful they give,
And shine their light, and bid them live.
Perhaps I stay too long, sometimes,
And bring the heat of tropic climes;
But if I did not come—alas,
How soon the gardens all would pass.
Yet, here I am, with warmth and light,
To make your gardens fair and bright.
Remember, then, the joys I bring—
I help to do your gardening.

(*Enter Boy with umbrella and rubber coat, who stands beside the Boy with the wheelbarrow.*)

Boy Representing the Rain—

Here comes the Rain, if you please, and I
 Am one of the gardeners, too.
 I come in clouds, when the land is dry,
 And shower the rain drops through.
 In all the ages, there's none so old
 At garden-making, so I've been told.
 O, never mind when the Sun's away,
 For I have a part to do;
 The plants that welcome a sunny day
 Are glad of the rain clouds, too.
 So don't forget, if you please, that I
 Am one of the gardeners from the sky.

*(Here, the Gardener, standing in front of all,
 says:)*

Now, says the Garden, come and find with me,
 A host of flowers waiting to be free;
 They are in Summer's castle, and they share
 The news that some day we shall find them there.
 But, first, we dig and delve, with loving toil,
 And fertilize and furrow deep the soil;
 And then we plant and guard the tiny seed,
 And clear the fragrant earth of stone and weed;
 And we, together with the Rain and Sun,
 Shall come and go and many errands run.
 But when the Rain's away, we still must keep
 The gardens watered, while the seed's asleep;
 For that's the service of our Springtime hours,
 That brings, some day, the Freedom of the
 Flowers.

*(Now an attendant from without brings to
 the Gardener a large American flag, and as the
 Gardener holds the Stars and Stripes before him,
 he marches in the lead of the processional of the
 Garden Helpers, the Sun and the Rain immediately
 following him, after these the two Wheelbarrows,
 then the other Garden Helpers, each by fours, or
 as convenient to situation.)*

(As they parade about the platform, they sing, to the air of "Maryland, My Maryland," the following:)

As these, our gifts of toil, we bring,
 Garden Land, America,
A thousand times thy praise we sing,
 Garden Land, America.

While seasons come, and seasons go,
May we that fadeless pleasure know,
Who run thine errands to and fro,
 Garden Land, America.

The treasure of thy bounteous days,
 Garden Land, America,
Is safe within thy garden ways,
 Garden Land, America.

O, may we guard it proudly there,
With noble toil our honored share,
And so thy joys and burdens bear,
 Garden Land, America.

The best of all our waking hours,
 Garden Land, America,
We'll grace thy paths with fruits and flowers,
 Garden Land, America.

Thy plains and vales, from shore to shore,
We'll crown with beauty evermore,
Thy banner leading on before,
 Garden Land, America.

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